

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?
Iess. Past all expressing, it is very meete
 The Lord Bassanio liue an vpright life
 For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,
 He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
 And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
 Is reason he should neuer come to heauen?
 Why, if two gods should play some heauenly match,
 And on the wager lay two earthly women,
 And *Portia* one: there must be something else
 Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
 Hath not her fellow.
Loren. Euen such a husband
 Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
Iess. Nay, but aske my opinion of that?
Lor. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?
Iess. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke?
Lor. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
 Then how som ere thou speakst among other things,
 I shall digest it?
Iess. Well, Ile set you forth.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Antonio* heere?
Ant. Ready, to please your grace?
Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answere
 A stonie aduersary, an inhumane wretch,
 Vncapable of pittie, voyd, and empty
 From any dram of mercie.

Ant. I haue heard
 Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
 His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
 And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
 Out of his enties reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
 To suffer with a quietneesse of spirit,
 The very tyranny and rage of his.

Du. Go one and cal the Jew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter *Shylocke*.
Du. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinks, and I thinke so to
 That thou but ledest this fashion of thy mallice
 To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought
 Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange;
 Than is thy strange apparant cruelty:
 And where thou now exactst the penalty,
 Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
 Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
 But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and loue:
 Forgive a moytie of the principall;
 Glancing an eye of pittie on his losses
 That haue of late so hudled on his backe,
 Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;
 And plucke commiseration of his state
 From braffie bosomes, and rough hearts of flints;
 From stubborn Turkes and Tattlers neuer train'd

To offices of tender curtisie,
 We all expect a gentle answer Jew?
Jew. I haue posselt your grace of what I purpose,
 And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne
 To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
 If you denie it, let the danger light
 Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
 You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue
 A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue
 Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:
 But say it is my humor; Is it answered?
 What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
 And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand Ducates
 To haue it bairn'd? What are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
 Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
 And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th nose,
 Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
 Masters of passion swayes it to the moode
 Of what it likes or loathes, now for your answer:
 As there is no firme reason to be rendred
 Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
 Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat?
 Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
 Must yeeld to such ineuitable shame,
 As to offend himselfe being offended:
 So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
 More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
 I beare *Antonio*, that I follow thus
 A loosing suite against him? Are you answered?
Bass. This is no answer thou vnfeeling man,
 To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.
Jew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kil the things they do not loue?
Jew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Euerie offence is not a hate at first.
Jew. What wouldst thou haue a Serpent sting thee
 twice?

Bass. I pray you thinke you question with the Jew:
 You may as well go stand vpon the beach,
 And bid the maine flood bite his vsuall height,
 Or euen as well vse question with the Wolfe,
 The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
 You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
 To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heauen:
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seeke to soften that, then which what harder?
 His Iewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you
 Make no more offers, vse no farther meanes,
 But with all brieft and plaine conueniencie
 Let me haue iudgement, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand Ducats heere is fix
Jew. If euerie Ducat in fixe thousand Ducates
 Were in fixe parts, and euery part a Ducate,
 I would not draw them; I would haue my bond?
Du. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?
Jew. What iudgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
 You haue among you many a purchast slave,
 Which like your Asles, and your Dogs and Mules,
 You vse in abiect and in slauish parts,
 Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
 Why sweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallatts
 Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer

The

The slaues are ours. So do I answer you.
 The pound of flesh which I demand of him
 Is deerely bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue it.
 If you deny me; fie vpon your Law,
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
 I stand for iudgement, answere, Shall I haue it?
Du. Vpon my power I may dismissthis Court,
 Vnlesse *Bellario* a learned Doctor, shew
 Whom I haue sent for to determine this growell blow
 Come heere to day.
Sal. My Lord, heere stayes without w^{at} I
 A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor, who sh^{all} w^{ill} w^{ill} w^{ill}
 New come from Padua, and will shew you the Letters.
Du. Bring vs the Letters. Call the Messengers.
Bass. Good cheere *Antonio*. What man, courage yet!
 The Jew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all;
 Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted Wether of the flocke,
 Meete for death, the weakest kinde of fruit,
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let mee
 You cannot better be employ'd *Bassanio*, w^{ill} w^{ill} w^{ill}
 Then to lye still, and write mine Epitaph.
 Enter *Nerrissa*.

Du. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both, my Lord, and from the Doctor.
 My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace, and sheweth
 Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy soale: but on thy soule harsh Jew
 Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettal can,
 No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenesse
 Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Jew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
 And for thy life let iustice be accus'd:
 Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith;
 To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
 That soules of Animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
 Euen from the gallows did his fell soule fleet;
 And whilst thou layest in thy vnhallowed dam,
 Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires
 Are Woluish, bloody, sternd, and rauinous.

Jew. Till thou canst raile the scale from off my bond
 Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud:
 Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
 To endlesse ruine. I stand heere for Law.
Du. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
 A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court,
 Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth heere hard by.
 To know your answer, whether you'l admit him.
Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
 Go giue him courteous conduct to this place,
 Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellarios* Letter.

Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receite of your
 Letter I am very sike: but in the instant that your mes-
 senger came, in louing visitation, w^{ill} w^{ill} w^{ill}
 of Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with
 the cause in Controuersie, betwene the Jew and *Antonio*
 the Merchant: We turn'd ouer many Bookes together: hee
 furnished with my opinion, which hee tredd with his owne lea-
 ring, the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend.

with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces request in
 my sted. I beseech you, let his labbe of years be no impediment
 to let him lacke a reuerend estimation: for I neuer knewe so
 yong a body, with so old a head. I leane him to your graces
 acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Enter *Portia* for *Balthazar*.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
 And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.
 Giue me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario*?

Por. I did my Lord, w^{ill} w^{ill} w^{ill}
Du. You are welcom: take your place;
 Are you acquainted with the difference
 That holds this present question in the Court?

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause,
 Which is the Merchant heere, and which the Jew?
Du. *Antonio* and old *Shylocke*, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Jew. *Shylocke* is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the sure you follow,
 Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law
 Cannot impugne you as you do proceed:
 You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, so he sayes.
Por. Do you confesse the bond?

Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.

Jew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
 Vpon the place beneath: 'tis twice blest,
 It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes;

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
 The throned Monarch better then his Crowne,
 His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
 The attribute to awe and Maiesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:

But mercy is about this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
 It is an attribute to God himselfe;
 And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods,

When mercie seasons iustice. Therefore Jew,
 Though iustice be thy plea, consider this,
 That in the course of iustice, none of vs
 Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,
 And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render.

The deeds of mercie: I haue spoke thus much
 To mitigate the iustice of thy plea;
 Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
 Must needs giue sentence gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,
 The penaltie and forfeite of my bond,
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
 Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:

If this will not suffice, it must appeare
 That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
 Wrest once the Law to your authority.

To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curb this cruell diuell of his will.
Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established:
 'Twill be recorded for a Preident;

And